

Mornings in love

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Summary: Red vs Blue universe. A romance between York and Carolina, beautiful but doomed.

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I own nothing of Bungie, 343 Studios, or Rooster Teeth.

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><p>It always started small, a few licks, a small bite, a probing tongue, and a gasping smile. Pupils shot, eyes wide, and her gasping for more. It wasn't violent, it wasn't rough, it was kind. A kindness she never showed in real life, where every encounter with every person was a battlefield. But, in here, in the bedroom, it was a surrender, a sign of trust that she trusted him enough to allow him to be more than an enemy.<p>

He never made the mistake of thinking it was love, he doubted it could ever be real love between the two of them with the pasts they both hid and shared, but it was the closest thing he ever thought he would ever see. And he was grateful for it. He loved it. He nearly almost loved her as well. But he would never tell her that, that would break the rules. She had been very clear when this had started, a much different state of affairs then than it was now, that there was nothing more than this, nothing more than this room.

"You look distracted," she purred into his hear, reaching up and nibbling gently, "Something on your mind?"

"Just you, pretty lady," he sighed, running a hand lightly down her

side, stroking and caressing her well toned flesh as if it were the finest of locks.

"There," she moaned as he palmed a breast gently, "There."

He smiled. He was a lock smith by trade, no matter the rank on his uniform or the gun on his back, and he was very proud of his art. Unlocking her, watching her gasp and moan and plead and beg his name was merely a pleasant way to utilize all his craft. And, if he was honest with himself, he much preferred her to all the steel and plastic in all the world. A real woman, not one of the artificial bimbos so easy to find on the street, not one of the insipid holoforms the others had stored away, but living, breathing, sweating, panting skin and bones and mind. And oh how she loved to return the favor.

"Faster, please, faster," she begged, biting his shoulder as he adjusted his pace.

A gentleman never leaves his lovely lady waiting, after all. And it would be a sin to not fulfill her desire after the long day, the long life, they had both already had. Sweat was pouring down his face now, the ship was always a few degrees too warm for his taste, as he leaned down to capture her lips as he adjusted his pace. He was close now, he could feel it, and already she was beginning to swim over the edge. A few more strokes, a few more seconds, and then bliss.

He loved the euphoria that lingered after just as much as during. The calm, gentle, lazy time when they could still be them, wrapped in blankets and just drifting as their minds saw fit. True rest, not the jilted hours between missions and training when they were too hopped up on stimulants and nerves to really lay back and rest. God how he loved to be lazy, to forget about the war and the missions and the weight of an entire species pressing down on his shoulders. In here it was just the two of them, no more fighting, no more competition, just them being human, and enjoying being human.

He wanted to tell her that, after this was all over, if they both lived, he wanted this forever. But he didn't want to frighten her away, he didn't want to risk losing what little happiness he had left. It made him a coward he knew, but, then again, it was likely that they both would die soon enough, so why bother planning and hoping for what could never be? He could want this every morning and every evening, it didn't mean that it could or would happen.

"I'm going to volunteer," she whispered, tracing the scar that cut across his face, ruining his left eye and leaving him with headaches when he read too long.

He hated the new recruit for it, and, deep down, he blamed his friends, his comrades in arms, for it most of all. He may not have been the best soldier to ever walk the hallowed halls of the institute, but that didn't mean that he was the only one. And they should have remembered that, they should have known that and worked together as a single unit. Instead he was left half blind, and they were left merely embarrassed. She had promised that she didn't care, but he could see in her eyes a touch of the same pity that he had wanted to avoid.

"We're already in the program," he reminded her with a smile, "Not

much left to volunteer for now, unless you're aiming for the front lines."

He held his breath at that, gasping inwardly. Agent Texas had entered the program in a whirlwind of strife and emotion, alienating Carolina nearly immediately. And though this was their private time away from that, away from that harsh and red reality, that didn't mean that it wouldn't come up. He hoped she wasn't that angry, that competitive with the new agent that she would ship out to a bloodbath just to prove that she was better than Texas. She was worth more than that as a soldier, and she was much more than that to him.

"No, York," she sighed, closing her eyes as her fingers combed through his short hair, "The Director's new program. I'm volunteering to be the first. I... I need to be first."

He grabbed her hand, pulling it to his lips and kissing it gently. They were neither soft nor smooth, the hands of a fighter, a great warrior, covered in scars and callouses. His hands were no more refined, he knew, but it still surprised him every time they touched. To him she was not perfect, but she was magnificent. Gone was the stocky, over muscled form of a special services soldier and in its place was the most radiant and beautiful maiden he had ever seen. Were that she called Lorelei he would crash his ship upon the rocks for her a thousand thousand times.

"Please, Carolina, you don't need to do this," he whispered, his thumb rubbing gentle circles onto her hand, "So what if she's ranked higher than you? That doesn't make her better than you, you don't need to do this to prove yourself. The Director knows how valuable you are, you're more than just a number."

She pulled her hand away roughly, sitting up and glaring down at her lover. He loved her fire and her fight, but not when they were directed toward him. But he knew the instant the words had escaped his mouth where they would lead him: directly into this argument. She gave everything for the Director and his unknown plans, insisting that they would come together in perfect harmony some day. That some day the mad man that ran the psychotic circus that they were all a part of would find a way to win the war and stop the dying and the killing. And she had surrendered herself to him, to his ideal, heart, soul, and body. Even York, for all his longing, knew he was always second in his lover's thoughts.

"He needs volunteers York," she snapped, running a hand through messy hair and trying to clear the tangles, "And I'll be damned if I go after her."

He sighed. Of course, he was no longer second in Carolina's heart, he was now third. First came the Director, and now came the jealousy for the mysterious new recruit, the unknown Agent Texas. She was a better soldier than Carolina both tactically, and physically, but she lacked one thing: she had no real heart. Carolina's drive came not from numbers on a board, but from her heart, from her memories of a family long since dead and a childhood now buried beneath the glass on a distant and forgotten planet. Agent Texas had none of that, she had only the cold exterior of a wash away soldier; good on paper, but poor in person.

"No," he whispered, pulling her down and close to his chest, "No,

please, I don't want to lose you. I want this forever, I want you."

She stiffened, and he knew already that he had said the wrong thing. He had broken the rules, her rules, and she would not forgive him for it. She had no future, they had no future, she had told him time and time again. They just had this, it wouldn't last, but she was happy to indulge. She had told him all of that, but he couldn't help it, he couldn't resist; it was who he was, now and always. And, as fucked as his head way, as screwed up as she would always be, he loved her. And he did not want to lose her to a petty jealousy, winning the war be damned.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, kissing him gently at the side of the mouth, and then the world went black.

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He woke up hours later with a pounding headache and a desperate need to be wrong about what had just happened. But, as he rolled over, his arm flopping weakly and hoping to find a sleeping form, he knew he was wrong. The bed was cold, the blankets in a heap, and Carolina nowhere to be found. For all of his pleading, all of his desperate words, he was still no more than third on a chart in her head. She would give everything for the Director, even her life. And, worse yet, she would make that same dark sacrifice just to beat and settle a claim of vengeance against Agent Texas. She would rather die than sigh and agree with him that maybe, just maybe, it would be better not to play guinea pig one more time to the crazed leader of the Freelancers.

But that didn't matter now. Now he was waking up in bed, alone, after she had knocked him out and left. Whatever she was aiming to do, whatever the Director was intending, it was already done. He only hoped that she had survived. That maybe, just maybe, there might be more warm, calm, meaningless mornings for the two of them to enjoy.

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He saw her again only a handful of times after that. But she was never really herself. He watched her walking carelessly into walls, clutching her head, and even a screaming match with her newly sainted internal demons, but it was never truly Carolina. She had disappeared the moment that two more minds had been implanted into her own. Now she was just a shadow, a fading wraith, of the strong, brilliant, beautiful woman he had once known.

And he mourned her. Until he died he would always mourn her loss, and remember those beautiful hours they had spent together in bed, knowing only love and each other.

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><p>As always, reviews are appreciated.<p>

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